THE
NATION

JULY 1, 1961 . . 25c

ANOTHER CUBA?

Nicaragua Challenges the New Frontier

Albert M. Colegrove

MOONLIGHTING
AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

Ralph H. Bergmann

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LETTERS

More Dangerous Trap

Dear Sirs: Unfortunately Carl Dreher is wrong when he explains public apathy to the construction of shelters as a sign of numerous "passive conscientious objectors" ["Hazards of Civil Defense," June 10]. The ostrich is a better clue to this apathy. The possibility of nuclear warfare has caused a desperate development of the American imagination — not along exotic lines, but along comforting ones. With a bomb shelter beneath the playroom, it is not so easy to imagine that it is really thirty years ago.

The comfort of this repression is much more dangerous than the comfort of a shelter downstairs; it is much more likely to lull us into war than the sight of that useless and absurd trap door to the left of the automatic washer.

New York City SAM D. RIFLER

No Basis for Criticism . . .

Dear Sirs: I feel that William Gilman's review of Ernest Nagel's *The Structure of Science* (June 10 issue) falls considerably below the high standards that *The Nation* articles usually exhibit. . . . Gilman spends most of his time berating Nagel for not discussing a series of questions which he then raises. . . . There is a decided difference between what we might call a sociological description of the scientific enterprise and an account of the logical relationships which obtain between the *statements* of scientific theory. The former would include such elements as a description of how scientists actually think, what their salaries are, whether they feel sorry about the bomb, and so on. The latter account examines the structure of a scientific theory after it has been proposed, to see, for example, what minimal assumptions (in a sense to be clarified by an adequate philosophy of science) are necessary to permit the logical development of some area of science. . . .

Nagel's book is entirely devoted to the problem of the logical structure of science, as his subtitle, for example, clearly indicates. Gilman seems to pine for a sociological description, coupled perhaps with evaluative remarks about such problems as the impact of science on society. To attack Nagel for not providing what Gilman would like is irrelevant. . . .

This over-all flaw in the conception of Gilman's review . . . results in a negative appraisal of Nagel's book, where in fact the book is probably (I happen to think that it is) the best total account of what philosophers of science have discovered about the logical structure of science. . . .

ROBERT ACKERMANN
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. . . Or Is There?

Dear Sirs: I must remain within the parameters that Dr. Nagel assigned himself — a thorough analysis of scientific method, written for a wide audience, and written in hopes of countering today's mistrust of science. His book must be judged accordingly, even if it touches a tender spot in reference to "professional philosophers" and "philosophers of science." To answer Mr. Ackermann in detail would merely be restating what I said in the review. WILLIAM GILMAN
Middletown Springs, Vt.

McCarran Act 'Patriots'

Dear Sirs: In connection with the McCarran Act that requires registration of Communists, note is to be taken that this law specifies that such a list — containing names and addresses — is to be a public document, open at all times to inspection by an interested person.

On June 9, a New York daily published the names and addresses of several alleged "leaders" of the Communist Party living in New York City. Since then this particular writer — among those honored by the newspaper—has received "hate" letters of the most obscene, anti-Semitic and sadistic kind, and my home has been harassed with continual phone calls — some at four and five in the morning — with the callers again using the filthiest language and threatening bodily harm and murder.

These are the "patriots" most attracted by legislation such as the McCarran Act; these are the kinds of results obtaining two or three days after a tabloid prints the names and addresses of alleged Communist leaders. And in the name of freedom and decency!

HERBERT APTHEKER
New York City Editor, *Political Affairs*

Northwestern's New Breed

Dear Sirs: Alan C. Elms is to be congratulated for his perceptive article on "The Conservative Ripple" in your May 27 issue. However, I would make one small correction. It is my impression that the Kolbe Brothers and their "Student Committee for Congressional Autonomy" have not found a very hospitable home here at Northwestern. Rather, even this traditionally conservative campus has seen an unprecedented spate of liberal student political activity. . . . *Operation Abolition* has been discredited in the eyes of a large part of the student body. Northwestern students have been active in the Chicago area refuting the allegations of the film.

At Northwestern, as elsewhere, a new breed of students seems to be emerging — politically concerned and active, yet open-minded and undoctrinaire in their liberalism. DALE L. GRONEMEIER
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

German Partition and World Peace

At one of their meetings toward the end of World War II, Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt discussed the future of Germany after her coming defeat. They were agreed on one thing: Germany must be partitioned in the interest of permanent peace, which might not be attainable but certainly would never be achieved with a reunited and rearmed Germany. One conferee wanted to split Germany into all the constituent dukedoms and principalities which antedated her unification under Prussian hegemony. There was also the Morgenthau proposal to pastoralize the country, depriving it of all heavy industry. Both were exaggerated applications of what is essentially a sound principle — the suppression of German hegemony until some sort of world order is established. Germany, divided, will continue to be a source of agitation and anxiety, but the menace will be far less than that presented by a united and nuclear-armed Germany.

The issue is not Berlin, it is Germany. And Germany, even divided and only partially remilitarized, without nuclear arms of her own, already coerces both East and West. The West German leaders lay down the law to the West and the East German leaders are not complete puppets. They have jobs which the Russians prefer to have them keep; the Russians, like the top executives of a corporation, are compelled to take the problems and feelings of their subordinates into account. One of these problems is that of West Berlin and the exodus of some 200,000 East Germans every year through the Berlin escape hatch. This process of attrition is encouraged and financed by the West Germans and serves their purposes well, but if the purposes of the United States and Britain are sane, there is little cause for them to rejoice. On the contrary, if the East German regime collapses, Russian tanks will extend Russian sovereignty to Erfurt and beyond. American tanks can try to stop them. It would be ironical if the staunch, if temporary, Allies of World War II come to nuclear blows over the heirs of Hitler, but one thing would be settled for all time. There would no longer be a Germany to fight over.

If the West Germans were not afflicted with the same aggressive nationalism that animated Bismarck and his Junkers and the two Wilhelms and finally Hitler, in worsening progression, they would not seek to "free" their East German brethren at the risk of nuclear war. If the United States were not still afflicted with the policies of John Foster Dulles, we would be looking for a *modus vivendi* instead of vowing that we will take any risk to keep the West Berlin enclave exactly as it was when the war ended sixteen years ago. It is in this light, and not because of Khrushchev's loud and persistent threats, that Senator Mike Mansfield's proposals for converting all of Berlin into a free city under international authority is worthy of study. The Mansfield formula may be faulty in detail, but at least it shows a willingness to negotiate and some confidence that negotiation might be successful. As such, it should be welcomed and discussed, not brushed off as if it were the proposal of a crackpot.

Mansfield is the majority leader of the Senate and, with Sam Rayburn, he runs the Congress. He is one of the most experienced people we have in foreign affairs. He sees the handwriting on the wall. If Khrushchev chooses to sign a peace treaty with East Germany, nothing in the world can stop him; even John Foster Dulles acknowledged that. The mere fact that the Mansfield proposal threw Bonn into one of its

Summer Schedule

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tantrums should be an argument for its sober consideration elsewhere. Senator Case (R-S.D.) observed that it could at least serve as a starting point for exploration. The West could, for example, bargain for a leasehold on West Berlin in return for de facto recognition of East Germany and a guarantee of the Oder-Neisse frontier. Chancellor Adenauer would be displeased; Willy Brandt equally so. Their displeasure should be the last consideration of Western statesmen. A firm stand for suicide over Germany will be even less acceptable to the people to whom they are responsible — who are not Germans, but Britons, Frenchmen and, above all, Americans.

The Wave of the Future

One of the basic errors of international politics is an overestimate of the troubles of one's own side, which are all too close, and a proportionate underestimate of the other fellow's troubles, which are close to *him*. This is the more natural in the case of the United States and the Soviet Union, in that megatons of newsprint are consumed in rehearsing the woes of the Republic in its contest with the powers of darkness, while the latter say as little as possible about their afflictions. But make no mistake about it: they have them; this is not an age in which rulers, of whatever persuasion, sleep like babes. Communism may indeed be the wave of the future, but in the present it pays dearly for such successes as it manages to achieve.

The cardinal trouble of Khrushchev and his aides is Red China. This beloved ally gets the Russians coming and going: her troubles are Russia's troubles, and her triumphs are Russia's troubles, too. When she is weak she must be helped (or, help being refused, the alliance is weakened); when she is strong, she is an incubus of massive proportions. With her enormous and fast-growing population, Red China has a gravitational attraction of her own; she influences countries as diverse as Laos, Albania, Cuba and India, in ways which are equally diverse but which the Kremlin must always reckon with. Some believe, in fact, that the Chinese Reds have the ultimate aim of taking over direction of a third force of countries now neutral, such as the Bandung powers meeting in Cairo, where Chou En-lai will be present. Other important people are going to be at this confabulation — Quadros of Brazil, Touré of Guinea, Nkrumah of Ghana, Sukarno of Indonesia, Tito of Yugoslavia and others. But Russia has not been invited.

It seems an obvious deduction from the shifting Soviet policy at the nuclear test-ban negotiations that the Russian tail is wagged by the Chinese dog, if indeed one can tell any longer which is which. If Khrushchev has made this policy by himself, he must be a schizophrenic. There is ample evidence, rather, that he is a realist forced to reckon with powers as great as his own. The Chinese Reds do not want a ban on testing, any more than France wanted one a few years ago and for the same reason that France still does not want one. According to Robert Stephens, a correspondent of the London *Observer* recently in Japan, China now has four plutonium reactors in operation and has the necessary technical information for the manufacture of atomic bombs. Japanese experts believe China will be able to make her own nuclear weapons within one or two years. The Chinese stockpile will be small compared with the American and Russian accumulations, but no collection of nuclear weapons is insignificant. This development is certainly of interest to Japan, the United States and the Soviet Union; all must shape their policies in accordance with it. From the Soviet standpoint, if China is now a troublesome ally, she will be a hundred times more troublesome when she has become a member of the nuclear club.

Khrushchev must bear other disappointments and frustrations. Albania is closer ideologically to China, across the world from her, than to Soviet Russia, and a constant reminder that without a common border a satellite is difficult to control. Khrushchev is quarreling with Nasser, Iraq likewise gives her domestic Communists short shrift, Bulgaria is poor, restless and inclined to flirt with Titoism. Four Bulgarian generals, pillars of the regime, led an attempt to overthrow the government; they failed, but the failure must have been only less disagreeable to Khrushchev than success would have been. In the Congo, the Soviets were booted out by the tribal chieftains — hence the "troika" policy of never again submitting Soviet policy to any international body under neutral or Western influence.

So it goes on the far side of the curtain. God knows that the United States, for its part, has little to crow about, but neither is there any basis for assuming that collectivism, Soviet-style, will prevail. If the West is defeated, it will be more through its own errors and hypocrisies than because the Soviets have all the answers. They haven't, nor do they get all the breaks, either.

Politics and the Pentagon

Under a directive approved by the National Security Council in 1958, which has just come to light, the Defense Department has been encouraging the military to whip up civilian enthusiasm for the cold war. Uniformed officers, stationed at various military installations, have sallied forth to address all manner of civilian groups — forums, schools, churches, luncheon clubs, seminars — ostensibly on national security themes, but actually to indulge in right-wing political bombast dressed up as "anti-communism." Whatever prompted President Eisenhower to approve this gro-

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tesque directive, it should be immediately rescinded. As one of the civilian chiefs in the Pentagon explained to Cabell Phillips of *The New York Times* (June 18), when officers in uniform start "looking for spies under the bed or in the P.T.A., you divert that much energy and support away from the main objective of the cold war. And at the same time, you instill fear and distrust of our government and its leaders." But the same civilian chief abjectly confessed that he and his colleagues have been somewhat reluctant to curb "this sort of activity in the higher echelons" out of fear that they might be tagged as "being against anti-communism." This acknowledged fear on their part is merely another reason why President Kennedy should take prompt action to rescind the directive and take whatever additional measures are necessary to insure adherence to the American tradition which precludes the military from direct participation in political activities.

Back to Mata Hari

Until recently, there has been a distressing absence of romance in the annals of cold-war espionage. But the age-old correlation of sex and espionage has once again begun to emerge coyly from the news columns. A diplomat attached to the Czech mission at the United Nations has been expelled on the ground that he tried to induce an American citizen of Czech descent to turn over intelligence data. The citizen's interest, allegedly, was in securing an exit permit for his Czechoslovakian fiancée. The girl received the exit permit, came to the United States, and married the pseudo-spy; only the Czech diplomat is in trouble. Even more in the genre is the case of the foreign service officer, attached to our embassy in Warsaw, who failed to obey the State Department's No. 1 security rule: Report Blackmail Immediately. The unfortunate American, it seems, was respectably married to a German woman, but fell in love with a Polish girl. (How international sex is!) The man was forty-one, the girl twenty-two, blonde and beautiful. Soon the couple were having an affair. The spoilsport Poles, like so many house detectives, then stepped into the picture — with their own camera. The diplomat was confronted with the compromising photographs and tape recordings and given the choice of spying for the Poles while continuing the affair or of being exposed and losing the girl. The American chose to spy. The Poles seem to have got little for their blackmail; the American was only a general service officer, a sublimated housekeeper, and had no military information. The blonde is also a little disappointing. It seems that she was herself a victim, and not a Polish agent. Moreover, after the diplomat gets a divorce and gets out of jail, and the girl gets a Polish exit visa, he is reported to be eager to marry her. This seems a doubtful consummation. The Poles have the girl in their clutches and will no doubt turn her into a full-fledged Mata Hari who, her hair colored in various tints, will seduce diplomats as long as her looks hold out. She may make the television screens yet.

Moonlighting and the American Dream . . .

R. H. Bergmann

THERE IS a widespread feeling among Americans of all income levels that a man who works at two jobs is somehow not playing according to the rules of the game. To an unemployed worker, the issue is simple: "He should give up one job so that others can find work." To former New York Police Commissioner Kennedy, a policeman with two jobs is not "giving his all" for the force. For the businessman, the extra jobs of his workers provide proof that a short workweek will not work. And so forth.

But talk to the men who are holding two jobs and they'll explain that the extra income is necessary to meet the family bills. Today's "normal" living standard requires appliances, an automobile and a substantial mortgage — and extra cash for the bowling league, teen-agers' dates, medical care and what not.

Just last year, the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, working from the actual spending habits of city workers, constructed a budget to provide a "modest but adequate level of living" for a family of four. While the budget figure varied between cities, it generally totaled over $115 per week—substantially above the average pay check for wage earners, blue-collar or white.

"It's either sending your wife out to work, or finding some extra work yourself. I want my wife to stay home," explained one dual job holder. Examined strictly from the standpoint of family needs, this argument is hard to challenge. And if the children in the family are trying their wings in college, the extra income is practically essential.

THE EXTENT of the problem — if "problem" it is — can be seen in the nation-wide statistics. For December, 1959, the Labor Department reports about 3 million persons holding extra jobs. As might be expected, this group was male by six to one. These male "moonlighters" (popular term for a person who works a second job) comprised 5.8 per cent of the male

RALPH H. BERGMANN is research director for the United Rubber Workers (AFL-CIO).

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labor force. But further analysis shows that 6.5 per cent of *married* men were holding extra jobs. These figures include workers holding *part-time* as well as *full-time* extra jobs. Fewer than 4 per cent of all persons working extra jobs were actually working two *full-time* jobs—less than .2 per cent of all employed persons.

It's difficult to conceive of a long-term commitment to two full-time jobs such as a milk route in the morning and a factory job in the afternoon, or a night shift in a plant plus barbering by day. But evidently a few sturdy souls manage it.

The more typical type of "moonlighting" will be found in a combination of factory work with farming, or some week-long employment coupled with a weekend job pumping gas, tending bar, driving a cab, etc. Considering the growth of service industries and the need for weekend work, there is logic to the hypothesis that opportunities for moonlighting — and the prevalence of the practice — will increase in the years ahead.

IT SHOULD NOT be assumed that all moonlighting is found among blue-collar employees. A clerk or supervisor will sell shoes or insurance. University professors find time for outside consulting, arbitration work, etc. Schoolteachers supplement their inadequate income by selling real estate or refereeing in sports. And there must be a number of businessmen following the practice of the recent president of the Chrysler Corporation, who managed to direct a few outside business operations in addition to his supposedly full-time job with the auto manufacturer.

In the Bureau of Labor Statistics study, farming was the most frequently mentioned occupation. This worked both ways — farmers who admitted to a second job in another occupation, and otherwise employed persons who reported farm work as their second job. (Actually, it is difficult to differentiate precisely between these two groups, because the bureau classified an occupation as "primary" if more hours were spent at that work than at the other job. Since the study was made in December, when farming work is slack, the bureau's approach leads to ambiguity.)

Farming clearly lends itself to moonlighting. Work hours can be adjusted to other obligations and family members can help out when necessary. Further, it is likely that the bureau study included in this category numerous farmers who grow crops on far less acreage than is required to support a family. The city worker who farms a few acres around his home in the country is technically a moonlighter, although his farm work is far from being a full-time job.

The bureau report points out that "moonlighters are typically thought of as factory workers who, having achieved a short workweek through union contract, prefer to work at a second job rather than to enjoy greater leisure." It then destroys that myth by noting that "out of 3 million workers with more than one job, only 700,000 were factory workers on their primary job." Workers in manufacturing, in fact, are less likely to be moonlighting than the average worker in all industries.

Further analysis of the factory moonlighters shows that 25 per cent were doing farm work and another 20 per cent were running their own independent (non-farm) business on the side. Indeed, of all persons with more than one job, almost one-third reported their second job as "self-employed" in either agriculture or non-agricultural work. Such activity has roots, of course, in the American tradition of "a little piece of land" and the American glorification of business ownership. Clearly, there is an element of American ambition in the moonlighter — the man who is willing to work hard to get ahead.

SOME might say that moonlighting should be accepted as part of our culture pattern. This is the logical implication of the remarks of ex-Police Commissioner Kennedy, who asked that New York City provide a higher pay scale for policemen than for firemen, in spite of the fact that pay levels for both groups have been identical for many years. "The prime and pressing [reason] is that policemen may not hold outside jobs; firemen may," he explained. A man's standard of living, in other words, should depend upon his opportunity to work at a second job and, when that opportunity is denied him (recent court cases in New York City have upheld Kennedy's prohibition), then the primary job must pay extra.

Nor was Police Commissioner Kennedy alone in this viewpoint. An editorial in the *Toronto Daily Star* of last December reads:

> But if society is going to say that, unlike most citizens, the policeman is not to be permitted to improve his income by extra work on the side, it must be prepared to pay him a wage that takes the prohibition into account. Otherwise it will not be able to attract able people into law enforcement.

There are some who would attack the problem quite differently. For them, all moonlighting should be banned. Their argument usually develops from a basic assumption that moonlighters are "stealing jobs" from persons who want to work. Obviously, in times of job scarcity, such as now, these complaints will multiply. This concept of job scarcity was expressed in a recent letter to the *Akron Beacon Journal*:

> About unemployment, I think we need a new law passed to meet the emergency.
>
> Pass a law making it a crime, punishable by a fine and jail term, for a worker to hold two jobs and for a married woman to hold a factory job if she has a husband who is able to work.
>
> If this law were passed, I believe it would do a lot to end unemployment in this country. It would put money in the homes of several million people.

Akron may not be typical in the attitude of residents toward moonlighting; its dominant rubber industry operates plants on a six-hour day (six-day week), and thus makes moonlighting unusually prevalent. But there are indications that the concept of "job stealing" prevails among hard-pressed workers in other cities as well. In hard-hit Detroit—where the eight-hour day is standard—pressure for a crackdown on moonlighting has been growing. A U.A.W. conference recently adopted a resolu-

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tion calling for action by the international union. The labor writer for the *Detroit News* reports that some Congressmen are actually considering the introduction of legislation against the holding of two or more jobs.

That brings up some interesting questions of union control and the constitutional protection of the individual.

The disciplinary power of a union is linked to job control. In an industrial union, a union trial for moonlighting might result in expulsion, but it couldn't legally be followed by forcing the man's ouster from his job. The Taft-Hartley Act has weakened union-shop agreements to the point where failure to pay periodic dues is the only legal basis for a discharge after losing union membership.

A craft union with some degree of control over hiring arrangements could probably block a man's opportunity to work if it expelled him from membership. In practice, a discreet suggestion from the local business agent might suffice. Indeed, such an informal approach would be more likely, since formal action could cause a split in the local. Steps taken against the carpenter who works at his uncle's gas station on weekends may soon be followed by condemnation of his union brother who operates a chicken farm.

THE UNWILLINGNESS of union leaders to take firm action on moonlighting—while deploring its prevalence—is illustrated by a recent declaration from the top officers of the International Association of Machinists. In brief, these union leaders suggested that local units educate their members to understand that moonlighting threatens their own "job security and work standards," as well as labor's drive for a shorter workweek. But they stopped far short of proposing a firm policy to eliminate the practice.

Basically, labor organizations are political structures built upon friendly relations between the leader and those led. It is inappropriate for a union to act as policeman, enforcing regulations upon its members. While informal pressures may be applied to the moonlighter, an overt crackdown would be as unlikely as it would be inappropriate.

For the letter-writer previously quoted, legislative action is definitely the answer. But this approach overlooks basic constitutional protections for the individual. Why doesn't a man have the right to exchange leisure for income—or vice versa? A judge would be hard pressed to find justification for an "anti-moonlighting" law. And, as a practical matter, how would the law handle the man who is starting his TV repair business while he is farming an acre or two—or who agrees to teach TV repairing at night school?

BY AND LARGE, substantial moonlighting is a divisive influence in the union, pitting unemployed members and staunch unionists against the dual job holder who wants more income. As long as jobs are scarce, the claim of "job stealing" will have an effective appeal and anyone who introduces a motion to prevent members from moonlighting will find plenty of supporters, as well as opponents, at the local meeting.

There's evidence to indicate that men will accept lower wages and benefits for their "second" job as compared to their "primary" one. Machinists earning $3 or more per hour, with extensive fringe benefits, have been known to take "second" jobs at about half that rate, with few fringes on the side. When small employers make a drive for workers at such a low rate by offering four-hour shifts, or offering shifts of varying length and starting time to accommodate the moonlighters, and when such employers then seek to get the work that these same men have been doing for their primary employer, there's good reason to wonder whether the workers understand their long-term interests. Undercutting of standards may not always be as flagrant as in this instance, but for the union leader seeking steady economic gains, all undercutting poses a threat.

There are also indications that widespread moonlighting disrupts labor-management relations in a plant. Akron rubber plants have had a long record of "wildcat strikes"—work stoppages over grievances which would normally be handled through established machinery. Also, Akron's six-hour day has undoubtedly led to more moonlighting than would otherwise be the case. Some observers argue that there is a connection between these two characteristics of the Akron scene: they maintain that the moonlighter welcomes these brief stoppages as a relief from the routine of long hours of work.

There's undoubtedly some connection here, although no simple explanation of "wildcats" can cover this complex facet of worker-union-management relationships. And for the record, it should be noted that wildcat strikes have largely disappeared from the Akron scene in recent years, although moonlighting has not diminished.

The Akron moonlighting experience is frequently cited as an argument against a shortened workweek. If a reduction in hours means that workers will seek additional income instead of taking advantage of the increased leisure, then a shortened workweek may actually result in a longer workweek. But those who develop this argument overlook one essential fact about the Akron short workweek — namely, that it stems from a short work*day*. It is hardly likely that a 36-hour week, composed of 4½ 8-hour days, will lead to the moonlighting experience of the rubber capital.

WITH today's materialistic measurement of success, we should not be surprised at finding men who have the energy to exchange some of their leisure for more income. Whether the weekly pay check reaches the $115 level of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, or exceeds it, family needs are practically inexhaustible. When opportunity for extra income develops, there are few breadwinners who will turn it down. Granted that some workers will actively seek this extra employment, while others will only accept it when an offer is made, the fact remains that American insistence on leisure time is far less pressing than the American need for extra income. This is a fact of life that cannot be changed by union constitutions or by Washington legislation.

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NICARAGUA: ANOTHER CUBA?..

Albert M. Colegrove

"WE HAVE an old saying here," remarked President Luis Somoza Debayle of Nicaragua last November. "Translated, it is: 'When the river is noisy, there are stones rolling.'"

The river of human events was noisy in Nicaragua at that moment. For at least the twentieth time in three years, the long-entrenched Somoza family regime was under armed attack by its enemies. Within forty-eight hours, this rebellion, like the others, was crushed — but with considerably more bloodshed than the others, and with more violence than the Somoza government acknowledged. (The insurgents captured two small cities; an eyewitness to the recapture of one told me of counting sixty-five corpses where they had fallen in the central plaza.)

The river is noisy today. Under the surface, stones are rolling. If enough pile up at a given time and place, the river may burst its banks, sweeping over the Somoza dictatorship and washing away all traces of the tremendous influence the United States has exercised in Nicaragua for more than a century.

As things now stand, if the Somozas are dethroned by violence, there is at least an even chance their successors would turn a cold eye toward us. Justified or not, the belief of many literate Nicaraguans is that Uncle Sam is the active senior partner of Somoza and Co. They maintain that the Somozas, for all their tanks, bayonets, secret police and prisoners, still could not reign today but for our staunch backing.

Examining history, one can hardly blame them for this assumption.

YANKEE influence on Nicaraguan affairs reached its high-water mark in 1856, when bully-boy William Walker, erstwhile California editor and Louisiana medic, became the first and only U.S. citizen ever installed as president of a foreign nation. The fledgling Republic of Nicaragua (it had declared its independence in 1838) had been in turmoil since birth, with almost constant warfare between Liberal and Conservative parties. Walker and his cutthroat band of a few hundred Yankee adventurers jumped into the middle of the fight, won a couple of battles, and took possession of the entire country, whereupon Walker maneuvered himself into the presidency.

Aghast at what their rivalry had wrought, Liberals and Conservatives for once put aside their differences and, with help from alarmed Central American neighbors, drove Walker out in 1857—but not before his men had leveled the historic city of Granada and left behind a lance, thrust into the scorched ground, bearing a pennant with the boast: "Here was Granada."

Walker has faded from man's ken north of the Rio Grande, but in Nicaragua mothers still intimidate their children with the warning: "William Walker will get you if you don't watch out."

After Walker, the two parties resumed their bloody squabbling. In this they were frequently encouraged by, and sometimes the pawns of, both U.S. business and U.S. Government interests. Monroe Doctrine or not, Great Britain had a strong yen to impose her will on Nicaragua, which in the 1890s was looked on as a possibly better site for an Atlantic-to-Pacific canal than the Panama area of Colombia. We had an equally strong yen to freeze out Great Britain, and we did. (Even so, the awareness of English heritage remains acute on Nicaragua's east coast today. Its principal community bears the non-Hispanic name of Bluefields. Its people are, mainly, Episcopalians, though Nicaragua is predominately Roman Catholic. Its bright young scholars go, when they can, to British Jamaica for secondary schooling. They hasten to tell you: "My language is English. I only learned Spanish because it is compulsory in Nicaraguan primary schools." And in Bluefields, you are more likely to find a picture of Queen Elizabeth on your host's wall than a likeness of Luis Somoza.)

Political, social and financial chaos continued and, in 1912, the U.S. landed a contingent of Marines to "restore order." They were still restoring order and virtually ruling the country when President Franklin D. Roosevelt finally withdrew them twenty-six years later, in 1938.

THREE YEARS after the Marines left, the Somoza era began with installation of strong man Anastasio (Tacho) Somoza as President. And in 1951 arrived the man who was to become the most controversial Yankee since William Walker: Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan.

Tom Whelan was born in St. Thomas, North Dakota, in 1895. At the University of North Dakota he received his law degree and, according to the biography given Embassy visitors in Managua, was "an outstanding member of the University of North Dakota football team; excelled in other sports." An Army second lieutenant in World War I, he has been an American Legion stalwart ever since. He was chairman of the North Dakota Republican Party from 1936 to 1944, and a defeated candidate for U.S. Senator in 1940. Meanwhile, he was building a prosperous grain-and-potato warehouse business. In 1951, President Harry Truman paid a political debt to the GOP's maverick North Dakota Senator William Langer by appointing Whelan Ambassador to Managua.

Whelan spent ten years in command of the Managua Embassy. When he left there last March, he was Washington's senior Ambassador in point of unbroken service at one post. He had other distinctions: He had successfully completed a decade of duty in a Spanish-speaking country without learning one hundred words of Spanish; he had been invited to go home by dozens of anonymous wall-scribblers; he had been hanged in effigy by national university students; a Managua mob had

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overturned what it thought was Whelan's auto (it wasn't—it belonged to a hapless military attaché). Most important, Whelan, by linking himself to the Somoza family in bonds of deep and open mutual admiration, had firmly convinced most thinking Nicaraguans that the dynastic dictatorship not only had the approval of, but also operated in closest concert with, Washington.

When Tom Whelan's good friend Tacho Somoza was assassinated in 1956, the cherubic-faced, plain-spoken grain-and-potato man from Pembina County moved into the role of trusted adviser to Tacho's successor sons, President Luis and Anastasia, Jr., commander of the Armed Forces. To this reporter, just before Whelan's return home, the thirty-nine-year-old Luis said of the American Ambassador: "He has been almost like a father to me." Happily rumbled Tom Whelan in return: "Those boys are all right."

ALMOST daily (oftener in a crisis), Whelan counseled the Somozas by telephone. They partied together frequently. To visiting U.S. business executives and Congressmen, the ex-Republican state chairman pointed out the practical side of cooperating with the Somozas ("They've never once voted against us at the United Nations; they've never defaulted on a dime of our loans") and declared that "Nicaragua is our best friend in Latin America." By Nicaragua, he presumably meant the Somozas, for they *were* Nicaragua to him. He also lent a friendly hand to maintenance of the Nicaraguan *Guardia Nacional* as Central America's most formidable armed force; this combination police, FBI and military group is equipped largely with U.S. weapons, and about 25 per cent of its estimated 6,000 officers and men have received training at U.S. bases.

In the "Briefing Paper" distributed by Whelan's Embassy to visitors were such statements as:

> President Somoza has indicated an active interest in the social and economic welfare of the people. . . . The administration of President Luis Somoza has been characterized as one of transition from a highly centralized and authoritarian regime toward a more decentralized administration, with a strengthening of the democratic processes. . . . The country is a loyal and friendly collaborator with the United States in the Organization of American States and the United Nations. . . .

For their part, the Somozas seldom missed an opportunity to exploit the seeming partnership with Washington. A much-respected Managua radio news commentator pointed out to me: "During any period of tension in Nicaragua, the Somoza-controlled newspapers break out in a rash of photos and stories picturing U.S. Embassy people at all sorts of social and civic events in company with the Somozas. The purpose is to remind the public that the United States is on the side of the rulers."

One might argue that, after all, Tom Whelan was only one man and that his enthusiasm for the Somoza brand of government did not necessarily reflect official Washington's attitude. Such an argument, presented to almost any informed Nicaraguan—whether for or against the Somozas—is all but useless.

"In view of history, you ask me to swallow this?" retorted an engineer. "At any rate, is not your Ambassador the personal representative of your President? And did not Whelan serve as Ambassador for Democratic and Republican Presidents alike?"

WHAT KIND of government, then, is that which Ambassador Whelan (and, by Nicaraguan logic, both American political parties) so heartily endorsed? What kind of life has twenty-five unbroken years of Somoza rule given Nicaragua's 1.5 million people?

The Somozas and their friends candidly admit they are millionaires. But the average income in Managua is approximately $15 a month (and lower elsewhere in the country), while most consumer goods cost almost as much as in the United States.

The Somozas were educated in U.S. universities. But only five of the twenty Latin nations have higher illiteracy rates than Nicaragua's 70 per cent; likewise, only five have fewer university graduates per capita (about nine of every 1,000 adults).

President Somoza of Nicaragua

President Somoza declared last November that there had been only 250 schools in Nicaragua when his father came to power in 1936, and that today there are 4,000. But his education ministry concedes that there are no schools yet for six out of ten rural youngsters.

Fifty-five of one hundred Nicaraguan children die before their fifth birthdays.

Economically, Nicaragua has a chronically unfavorable balance of trade and its gross national product has decreased in recent years.

There is an elected legislature—where one rarely hears the slightest criticism of the Somozas. All other officials are appointed by the Somoza Administration: the eighteen provincial governors, all the mayors, all the judges.

The President says: "We are a Constitutional government." But at least 40 per cent of the time since his inauguration in 1957, Articles 38 to 125 of the Constitution have been suspended—giving the government a free hand to occupy what property it wants, to search and seize what and whom it chooses, to invoke curfews, to censor press and radio, and to forbid free assembly. All these powers have been exercised. It is an accepted fact of life in Managua that phones are tapped and mail opened.

The *Guardia Nacional*, which Ambassador Whelan helped strengthen

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because of his undoubtedly sincere conviction that it was a bulwark against communism, has extraordinary—and chilling— power. In rural areas, the local *Guardia* commander is The Man to see about everything, from permission to operate a house of prostitution to a permit allowing twenty-eight persons to assemble at a wedding reception. He also is The Man who may knock on the door at midnight.

President Somoza asserted to me in April that indiscriminate arrests and detentions are virtually nil. "We are a lawful country," he said. "The *habeas corpus* functions, even under martial law." Subsequently, I found seven courageous men who would talk of their imprisonment in this "lawful country."

The seven with whom I talked were picked up in November, after the abortive revolt. All claim they did not take part in the rebellion. All were arrested without benefit of warrants and were taken to the "Aviation Building," a makeshift prison on the edge of Managua. There, fifty-six prisoners were held for more than three months in a room 24 feet long and 16 feet wide. They slept in bare-board bunks, two to a bunk. There was no toilet. They were allowed to bathe once a week. The prisoners included three lawyers, two doctors, several university students and six teen-age secondary school boys. None was ever formally charged or allowed to call a lawyer. Each was interrogated for a few hours and asked to sign a "confession." None did. Finally, some were released—among them the seven whom I interviewed—with a warning they could expect re-arrest at any time.

WHILE being held in the maddeningly hot and crowded jail, they formed close friendships with a fellow prisoner whose plight made even them feel overprivileged. His story indicated it is not merely Nicaraguan political heretics who run afoul of justice there. According to his excell mates, this is the truth of the case:

Dr. Joseph Wentland was born in Skierniewice, Poland, in 1912. During World War II, he fled Poland, ultimately setting up an import-export business in France. In 1960, he made a business deal in Europe with the then Nicaraguan Ambassador to Italy, Ignacio Portocarrero, who said he was acting for the Nicaraguan Government. Portocarrero offered to sell Wentland 200,000 gallons of pure alcohol, 50,000 tons of brown sugar, a quantity of cotton and a concession to explore Nicaraguan oil. Wentland paid out a commission of $86,000. But the deal snagged, somehow. No shipments came from Nicaragua. In mid-May of 1960, Portocarrero agreed to accompany Wentland to Managua for an audience with President Somoza, to see what the trouble was. But in Managua, days passed without the promised interview, though Portocarrero assured Wentland he was pulling all possible strings.

Exasperated, Wentland decided to fly to Miami and find a lawyer. But at 11 A.M. on the day he planned to leave, the happy Portocarrero reported the Presidential interview was all set for the coming evening. Wentland postponed his departure. At 4 P.M. he was arrested in the lobby of the Gran Hotel and taken to prison, where his pocket money, jewelry and all his travel documents were relieved from him "for safekeeping." He has not seen them since.

A sympathetic lawyer secured Wentland's release after a few days. He was freed on condition he would leave the country immediately. But new obstacles arose: the Nicaraguan Immigration Service would not permit him to leave without his visas and other travel papers. There then followed an intricate round of "fee paying" and solicited bribery which milked Wentland of all his remaining money—after which he was thrown back in jail, in the Aviation Building.

He was still in the Aviation Building at last report; never charged, never tried, never convicted, never allowed to communicate with anyone outside, never permitted medical attention, for almost a year.

"I don't think he can live much longer," said one of Wentland's former cell mates. "His stomach is bad. His teeth are falling out. His eyes are failing from the dim light. He looked like living death when I left the Aviation Building in March."

WHEN his regime is attacked, President Somoza and brother Tachito—as Anastasia, Jr., is called—invariably blame Communist plotters.

Who in fact are the opponents of the Somoza dictatorship? That there may be a sprinkling of Communists among them is possible. But it is highly improbable that there are Communists among the leaders of the Conservative Party. The Somozas are Liberal Party members (names of the parties are not to be taken literally; they lost significance decades ago). Their natural enemies, therefore, are the Conservatives. Economically and socially, there is little surface difference between Conservative and Liberal leaders. Most are devout Catholics, very Old Family, and prosperous to extremely wealthy. Most live the privileged, leisurely lives accorded those in the upper strata of the Latin class structure.

Visiting these moneyed Conservatives in their fine old ranch homes, one can't entirely escape the feeling that at least some of their opposition to the present government stems from (a) cherished tradition and (b) the desire to be politically "in," so they may enjoy the perquisites now in the hands of the Somoza clique. But against this impression must be weighed the fact that most Conservatives one meets tell of Somoza injustice against at least one member of his family: how Cousin Roberto was tortured; how Uncle Joaquin, a prisoner, was "shot while trying to escape"; or how brother-in-law Pedro was stripped of all he possessed, taken to the border by the *Guardia*, dumped there penniless and warned that his return to Nicaragua would mean death. One must recall also that several dozen Conservatives have been wounded or killed for backing their ideals with guns in the vest-pocket revolts of the past three years. Thus, when they rail against oppression of the people and swear they stand for a better life for all, it is difficult to be cynical.

While the majority of the Conservatives are anti-Castro and anti-Communist, a significant minority of those with whom I've talked are

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now so infuriated against the dictatorship—and so angry at the United States for its seeming sponsorship of it—that they declare they would welcome Castro's assistance.

A second large anti-Somoza bloc is composed of national university students and young intellectuals. Representative of them is an articulate student leader, in his middle twenties and a law-degree seeker. He insists he is not firmly pro-Castro, though he says many of his colleagues are. He ardently disclaims any Communist leanings and he uses none of the customary jargon. He has, however, traveled behind the iron curtain in the past year. He says: "I love the United States. I took part of my schooling there and worked several months in the South and in Washington, D.C. I do not approve of Communist tyranny. But I plead with you to understand this: the longer you Americans support the Somoza regime, the farther Left will the intellectuals of Nicaragua move. The Communists are spending money in this country now. The students and young intellectuals are not, generally speaking, Communists at this time. But they are moving in that direction because they will take help from the devil, if necessary, to end the dictatorship here."

Available statistics show there are roughly 25,000 secondary school (seventh through twelfth grade) graduates in Nicaragua and 200,000 more who have finished the sixth grade. These are, largely, the shopkeepers, the clerks, the stenographers and typists, the young labor leaders, the government workers and military officers, comprising what middle class there is. Except for those on government payrolls, who are overwhelmingly pro-Somoza, one finds only an occasional defender of the regime. More often, one finds attitudes ranging from sour indifference to fiery hatred. Those who will discuss their political philosophies mostly say that they are more or less liberal and anti-Communist.

At this time, it's doubtful that Nicaragua's million-odd peasants—pleasant, illiterate and engaged full-time in the pursuit of survival—are a political factor. An experience in one small village best illustrates this: Of the thirty men and women gathered on the porch of the village's one rickety store, two said they could read and write. I asked: "How many of you have heard of Fidel Castro?" There was polite bewilderment and no gleam of recognition. Then I asked: "How many of you have heard of John Kennedy?" One man replied: "Would you repeat that name, Senor?" I did and the group dissolved in laughter. "We do not mean to be impolite, but it is such a funny name," explained one. "Who is this Señor Kennedy, a friend of yours?"

AS THIS is written, the Dominican Republic's Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, Benefactor of His Country, Father of the New Nation, Protector of the Poor, etc., has gone the way of so many tyrants—murdered by assassination. Thus newly reminded of their own father's fate, Luis and Tachito must be sleeping somewhat less easily than usual tonight—for they certainly must realize that in their empire a large and growing portion of educated Nicaraguans is resigned to violence as the indicated instrument to topple the Somoza regime. These people have little faith that the elections scheduled for February, 1963, will be fairer than the rigged farces of the past twenty-five years. They believe the United States has the power to assure honest elections; that the Somozas would listen to straight talk from Washington; that new Ambassador Aaron Brown could make it clear in private conversations that the United States feels the Somoza era must end and a peaceful transition to democratic government truly begin, with the first step being a six-month unhindered political campaign period and a genuinely secret ballot procedure carried out under watchful eyes of neutral observers.

But, in the light of the past, and lacking evidence of sharp change in White House policy toward Nicaragua since Whelan's departure, they can foresee no escape from the dismal *status quo*, except through the flow of their own blood—which they have proved increasingly willing to shed in recent months.

The human ingredients cited above, and the state of affairs in Nicaragua today, are comparable to those which existed in Cuba in 1957. If Nicaragua becomes another Cuba, we of the United States must accept our share of the guilt.

CHICAGO'S BI-PARTY BOSS . . *by Alfred Balk*

LAST JANUARY, Illinois political viewers who thought they had seen everything discovered they hadn't: the State House of Representatives, ostensibly controlled by Republicans by one vote, elected a Democratic speaker. Even in the checkered chronicles of the past in the Capitol in Springfield, never before had a House's majority party yielded control of committees, movement of bills and other perquisites to the minority. Nor has this occurred in many other states.

That it did happen in Illinois is due in large part to the dominance of one man, fifty-eight-year-old Democratic boss and Mayor of Chicago, Richard J. Daley. A short, ruddy-faced, wide-shouldered Irish Catholic, last survivor of a once-thriving species, Daley has become the most powerful boss in Illinois' history.

As Cook County Democratic Chairman, he controls the governorship (his candidate, Otto Kerner, defeated two-term GOP Governor William Stratton last fall); every

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other Capitol office but Secretary of State; the hierarchy of the House (the Senate perennially is Republican); the Chicago municipal and Cook County courts, Board of Supervisors and every other significant county office.

As Mayor of Chicago, Daley stands astride an empire of 10,000 patronage jobs and an almost infinite variety of favors. The City Council is his personal rubber stamp: forty-six aldermen to four. In addition, by virtue of his decisive support of John F. Kennedy as Presidential nominee, he has a private key to the throne room in Washington.

His machine, moreover, is the healthiest of any remaining in the nation. Shrewd leaders have forestalled whole-loaf reform by yielding half, surrendering exploitation of sensitive areas such as the schools, and using the concept of "blue-ribbon candidates" (Paul Douglas for Senator, Adlai Stevenson for Governor) to regain lost or endangered offices. The Capone syndicate, whose stake in orderly continuity has been great, has helped prevent palace revolutions such as now rend New York's Democratic organization. Chicago's antiquated fifty-ward pattern, which amounts to fifty semi-feudal kingdoms, and the resulting system of influence or "clout"—hardly touched by recent highly publicized and carefully circumscribed police "reform" — also have contributed greatly.

IT IS not the existence of Daley and the machine alone, however, that causes such phenomena as the unprecedented switchabout in the House. Nor in a state the size of Illinois could their presence per se have forestalled judicial and social reforms, given such broad protection to organized crime, placed the state on the brink of a financial crisis, or made easy the vote frauds which recur in both parties. What is required as well is a peculiar mixture of downstate-metropolitan cleavage and cooperative bipartisan bossism. This Illinois also has, exploited most adroitly by Daley, and in this lies much of the explanation for his prospering.

In many political contexts, bipartisanship is a respected concept (foreign affairs, for example). In Illinois, it works toward quite other ends. Where philosophies normally would and should clash, bosses of the two major parties settle issues in back rooms—less on the basis of representing the total ideological spectrum of voters than of selected vested interests.

NEGROES, for example, have vast voting strength (22 per cent of Chicago's population alone is Negro). So does organized labor. Despite this, and the Democrats' thirty continuous years of domination in Chicago, Illinois began 1961 as the only large Northern industrial state without a Fair Employment Practices Act; and its tax structure, according to one survey, is the fifth most regressive in the nation. Corporations pay only $5.4 million in franchise taxes, compared to some $250 million in New York. So proportionately low has revenue been held that a tremendous backlog of problems has built up in welfare, schools, mental and penal institutions, even recreation and conservation. Illinois' treasury ran dry two months before the end of this biennium. Even a proposed sales-tax increase to 4½c (giving Illinois the highest such levy of any state) would leave the 1961-63 budget some $160 million short — without materially improving the present inadequate public services.

Republicans are placed en masse on Democratic payrolls: three GOP House members on the rolls of the Sanitary District of Metropolitan Chicago, by suddenly becoming "ill," swung the speakership election. (Yet they weren't read out of the party.) Regularly and painlessly, Democrats change formal allegiance and become Republicans. Four major Chicago officeholders have done so in the past six years, including Benjamin Adamowski, ex-Democratic floor leader who became a GOP State's attorney, and Robert Merriam, former Democratic reform alderman who opposed Daley for mayor in 1955, then joined the Eisenhower administration. Chicago Republicans also change stripes: U. S. Representative William Dawson, the city's Negro boss, for instance, was a GOP alderman, state central committeeman and Congressional candidate, then in 1939 became a Democrat.

Paradoxically, not only the existence of two one-party domains (Republican downstate, Democratic in Chicago), but also the Illinois constitution itself contributes to this undermining of political responsibility. Drafted in 1871 in the wake of Civil War bitterness, it gives each district three House seats and permits parties to nominate for any or all. Voters in turn can award three votes to one man, or one and a half to each of two, or divide their three evenly. As a result, it's customary for many district leaders to play it safe, splitting the seats two-to-one in favor of whichever is the locality's dominant party. It is only a short additional step to cutting in the minority on patronage or other favors in return for remaining docile. In this controlled environment, regardless of which party is dominant, soon all but a few officeholders become beholden to party bosses rather than the voters, who lack any real choice—and opposing bosses in turn find themselves gaining more by dealing with one another and with selected interest groups than with their constituents.

EVOLUTION has made bipartisanship an awesome instrument. And Daley, as few others, is equipped to play it like a master.

First, in true boss tradition, he is less a man of party convictions than a political craftsman flying a banner. If President Kennedy is to be classified on the whole with Democratic conservatives, Daley is a party reactionary. He either drags his feet or balks entirely on such frontiers as race relations, public housing, public welfare, metropolitan planning or even an ability-to-pay tax structure. He gives only lip service—although conspicuous—to key governmental reforms. He not only refuses the party's liberal wing proportionate influence in platform and slate-making, he allows virtually none at all. Since Chicago, like the South, asks not one's political philosophy so much as his party affiliation, this conservatism is no detriment within the machine—and it's a grade-A at-

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traction to vested interests which might oppose both the man and his party.

As a result, bizarre events sometimes occur. When Daley ran for his second mayoral term in 1959, for example, United Republican Fund leaders such as United Air Lines President William Patterson even took the trouble to run an ad on Daley's behalf. (Last November, when the Nixon ticket lost the state by 8,000 votes due to Daley's machine, they may have had second thoughts about this; a new chairman has just been elected.) All four newspapers, now under two conservative ownerships, also have remained friendly—the *Tribune*, among other reasons, in part because Daley shrewdly fulfilled a thirty-four-year-old wish of the late Robert R. McCormick by bulling through plans for a $33 million lake-front convention hall named for the Colonel. Even during a succession of scandals, to which the police-turned-burglars interlude was but a celebrated climax, criticism in print has been of the impersonal "machine," not of the strongest leader in its history.

A builder par excellence (contracts always help one's stock both with the machine and business leaders), Daley has cleaned up the Loop, accelerated construction of expressways and other public works, personally sought to recruit new industry and such plums as conventions, and boosted Chicago both with flowery speeches and public relations coups such as the St. Lawrence Seaway visit of Queen Elizabeth. He has joined businessmen in organizing dozens of planning committees.

In turn, inadvertently or not, businessmen have helped lay smoke-screens for him, or they bail him out by serving on big-name investigative or "clean-up" committees.

Daley knows politics. He grew up in the "Back of the Stockyards" neighborhood which also produced his mayoral predecessors, Ed Kelly and Martin Kennelly. A precinct captain at twenty-one, he since has been State Representative, State Senator and floor leader for the Kelly-Nash machine, secretary to four county treasurers, county comptroller, state director of finance (in

Mayor Daley

Adlai Stevenson's administration), and county clerk.

While he is no scholar, and his losing jousts with the English language are legendary ("harassing the atom" or "rising to higher platitudes of achievement"), he has a perceptive mind and encyclopedic memory. He's an exceptional manager, probably the best in City Hall history, and he's a glutton for work. He worked nights while attending DePaul University Law School, and rose in party ranks partly by taking on tough jobs and doing them well.

In addition, though he is publicized as an All-America father of seven, including a nun, Daley is appropriately ruthless. In 1953, when Jacob Arvey stepped down from hereditary control of the machine for health reasons, Daley used his patronage-rich county clerk's office (to which he maneuvered appointment when the incumbent died) to steamroll over others and win the party chairmanship. Subsequently he engineered the dumping of Mayor Martin Kennelly, successful one-time blue-ribbon choice who might have brought reform—but unfortunately remained "above politics." Daley's choice as Kennelly's successor: Daley.

CAN DALEY, the present architect of bipartisan bossism, be toppled?

Robert Merriam came surprisingly close in 1955. Daley then was an unknown quantity who just had exiled Kennelly, however. With the bipartisan and press support he has won since, for the foreseeable future seemingly it would take a major scandal to put him in jeopardy—and, as one columnist put it, "If the police scandal couldn't destroy him, what could?"

For a time last year, Daley's machine also was threatened with significant boring from within. Both Stephen A. Mitchell, former Democratic National Chairman, and ex-professor Joseph Lohman, liberal state treasurer and one-time blue-ribbon sheriff in Cook County, opposed the Daley-backed gubernatorial candidate, Kerner, in the primary. Party discipline prevailed, however. Once, when defection of a key Democratic committeeman threatened to trigger a mass revolt in favor of Lohman, Daley even confiscated the defector's war chest, stripped him of his patronage (despite his having been elected by his township), and sent five party bigwigs plus uniformed sheriff's police to intimidate precinct workers at a meeting he had called. Lohman and Mitchell in aggregate did top Kerner, four to three, downstate—but lost five to two in Cook County.

MITCHELL also has spurred formation of a Democratic Federation of Illinois, a network of partisan clubs designed to restore internal party representation. Last fall, after GOP Governor William Stratton's defeat while trying for an unprecedented third term, a similar movement began in Republican ranks, led by former vice president James C. Worthy of Sears, Roebuck & Co. Either group could become significant. But neither yet has attracted any sizable following or gained any real power.

Were Chicago's now-apathetic suburbs to assert themselves, the machine's hold on the Cook County judiciary—and eventually, the entire governmental apparatus—might begin to crumble. Reform then might begin from without, in both parties.

Until such an occurrence, Daley or another like him is likely to ride high. With bipartisanship, as in a long-run Broadway musical, the cast may change. But the plot will remain the same.

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DON'T CALL ME . . *by David Cort*

IN THOSE heart-warming advice articles on the full, rich life, what is lacking is the word *without*. A day or so without newspapers, cigarettes, television, cocktails, sleeping pills, automobiles, food or water might be interesting. Even a day without a bath.

But not, for God's sake, a day without a telephone.

Most Americans today would not feel they existed in the world if they did not have a telephone. There are now 75,000,000 telephones in the United States, over half the world total of 140,000,000. The disease has caught hold so rapidly that only thirty years ago there were only 20,000,000 phones in this country.

What is said over all these telephones? Contracts are no longer concluded over the telephone; too many people have reneged on them. International diplomacy is not conducted over the telephone. (Incidentally, the telephones of the President of the United States and his Cabinet are checked once a week for wire tapping.) Histories and memoirs rarely record old telephone conversations. A good deal of crude selling is done over the phone; some preliminary love-making; most of the rest is ephemeral gabble, by which two people assure each other that they at least still exist, and perhaps also assure themselves of the same unremarkable and undistinguished fact.

The peculiar charm of the telephone was discovered by an early Aldous Huxley hero in *Antic Hay*, who realized that while he was helpless in business face to face, he did very well on the telephone. Children and ineffectual people generally have since discovered that all their personal weaknesses are hidden when they talk at one end of a two-mile wire. They can writhe and blush and flinch unseen. The telephone is the ideal medium for a hollow bluffer; it makes all salesmen nearly equal.

The gifted salesmen have learned this, and prefer the live visit, or the long lunch, or other face-to-face dealings. As artists, they like a "live audience." It is true that once a man has made his physical, live impression, he can use the telephone with effect. A man like William Zeckendorf would have to reduce the range of his operations without a battery of telephones. Such people use the telephone as a power tool. Sitting at a desk looking at five telephones is, to some personalities, a positive invitation to be Napoleon. In a small way, anybody with only one telephone feels some fraction of this Napoleonic power. He or she can at least bother anybody on the planet who has a listed telephone. If you have made a better mousetrap, the world will not beat a path to your door, it will simply force you to get an unlisted telephone. You will thus lose touch with the people you would want to listen to. By letting all the idiots into the act, modern communication ends by cutting off communication entirely.

THE GREAT talkers of the world are on college campuses, in theatrical groups, and in India and Catalonia; but these are all face-to-face talkers. One must look elsewhere for the great telephoners. The most telephonized city in the world, with 83 phones per 100 people, is, to everybody's delighted acceptance, Washington, D.C. Next comes another peculiar town, Las Vegas (66); and then an unnoticed peculiarity, Skokie, Ill. (63.9), a saloon town surrounded by prohibition country. Following come Stockholm, Sweden (60), New York City (57), Zurich, Switzerland (50.6) and Toronto, Canada (50.3).

In looking at this list, one begins to wonder whether cold weather—apart, that is, from special conditions like those of Washington and Las Vegas—correlates with telephonitis. The telephonized countries, running from 39 per 100 people down to 13, are the United States, Canada, Iceland, Australia, Scandinavia, the United Kingdom and Finland. (I may have overlooked somebody.) Then there is a sharp drop to 8 for both West Germany and France, to 6 for Argentina, Czechoslovakia and South Africa, to 4.6 for both Israel and Japan, to 3.6 for Portugal, 2.8 for Cuba, and to a group just below 2 per 100 people that includes Russia, Brazil, Costa Rica, Mexico and Poland.

This last group in particular suggests that percentage of telephones may not be exactly the definitive way to rate nations, though American Telephone and Telegraph would consider any such statement clearly communistic and subversive.

As we get down toward the least telephonized nations, suggestive groupings arrange themselves. For example, at around .5 per 100 people are Bolivia, Ceylon, Dominican Republic, Egypt, Nicaragua, Philippines and Saudi Arabia. Further down, around .1, are Haiti, India, Pakistan and Thailand. And still further, at around .05, are Afganistan, Burma, Cambodia, Ethiopia, Iraq and Vietnam. One cannot quite say that all this is just what one would expect. Who could guess that Nicaragua has more phones than Burma, or Finland more than West Germany?

Telephonitis is more than a matter of electrification and industrialization. The largest number of phone calls per capita occur in Canada, Iceland and the United States. Surely it cannot be claimed that these three peoples have the most to say, or the Vietnamese the least to say, to one another. Even if the hot countries were equally telephonized, I suspect they would use the phones less.

The idea of telephoning on a hot day is much less pleasant than on a cold day. It may be that telephoning requires a little adrenalin, which adds to one's discomfort in hot weather. Telephoning is an aggressive, as well as a social, act. The telephone gives modern life a steady thread of anxiety, a fear of all that nameless aggression headed one's way, signaled by the alarm.

The telephone disease can be easily read in the two major types of patient. Lonely or socially underdevel-

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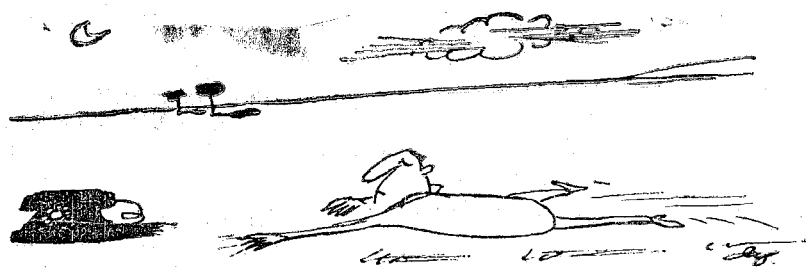
oped people, at the sound of the bell, leap with mingled joy and terror, fall across the room and clutch at the phone. Breathing deeply, they utter a refined, gracious "Hello!", for they are expecting a glorious invitation to a new life, or the end of the world. When the common reality announces itself, they turn prim and stiff, and soon hang up.

The other kind begin to feel fretful when the telephone rings, take their own good time about answering and vouchsafe a weary, harassed "Hello." However, these, if female, may then talk for an hour, for they are telephone artists, masters of the medium.

Other masters of the telephone communicate without completing a call. Some send a message to a forewarned associate by letting the phone ring once, hanging up, and then letting it ring in various series of codes before hanging up. Some call person-to-person long distance, asking to reverse the charges, and convey the message by the name they give the operator (the other person does not accept the call). Some women not only have unlisted phones, but will not answer unless the phone rings three times, stops and then rings again.

I have a better system. I have worked in a big city for over a decade without a home phone. I live near stores, pay phones and most of the friends I see regularly. In consequence, I lead a decent life, almost devoid of that background of telephone anxiety and power. Don't call me; I'll call you. Some people send me telegrams, the worst and most expensive form of communication in America. (Special delivery letters are often faster than telegrams in the same city; long distance, the telephone is about the same price.) I find that my *not* having a telephone strikes awe and envy into most people, a reversal that would mystify the Cambodians.

But I will agree that the telephone is bigger than I. New oceanic cables are about to be laid from Hawaii to Tokyo and from Canada to Australia (the latter the longest in the world, with 335 submerged amplifiers to keep the gabble going). Black Africa will soon be on the world-wide hookup by way of Ascension Island, if I do not overrate Nkrumah.



Just how big the telephone is comes clear in the annual operating revenues of American Telephone and Telegraph and its principal telephone subsidiaries. (A. T. & T. usually owns about 99.5 per cent of its subsidiaries). This figure would be what the American citizen pays for the right to gabble. It is now about *$8 billion* a year. The net income is a billion and a quarter.

THIS is not quite the whole bill the American pays. Another 15 per cent of American phones are owned by some 500 "independents." This use of the fine word, independent, in industry, means out in the cold, much like many of the new "independent" nations in the world today. A single independent like General Telephone may include over 500 small companies. A call put through any of these and using A. T. & T. lines accrues to A. T. & T. charges. In general, A. T. & T. collects all the gravy.

The company got its grip on America in 1900 by buying up American Bell Telephone, and in 1960 had 1,754,000 stockholders as against only 729,000 employees. It wants those little stockholders and it does not want those little employees.

Its public posture is that of the best friend the American people have ever had. (Many people grow rhapsodic over its magnanimity in canceling overcharges.) It keeps the picture window clean with a public relations department that doesn't seem to do any work, but does a lot. (I know somebody there; but, believe me, I haven't called him.) One thing they couldn't do anything about was the popularity of a novel called *Butterfield 8,* which related the telephone to immorality and probably led to the invention of the word, call girl. By policy decisions mysterious to me, there is still a Butterfield 8 exchange in New York City. Maybe it's good publicity. Its retention suggests that A. T. & T. is terribly sophisticated, or feels that its public neither reads books nor even sees movies—or, perhaps, doesn't give a damn.

This last theory is undercut by the great cleverness of A. T. & T.'s public relations department in issuing news releases to newspaper financial sections where, they have realized, nobody dangerous would ever see them.

THAT is where an April, 1961, story landed, in *The New York Times,* telling of a $150,000,000 suit by a General Telephone and Electronics stockholder against A. T. & T. and subsidiaries on the grounds that these had "made it impossible to market" a telephone-answering device manufactured by a General subsidiary. The stockholder was suing personally because General "feared the power of A. T. & T." That word, power, ought to make any American citizen prick up his ears.

A similar back-page treatment was given by *The New York Times* to a March, 1961, story revealing a device by which long-distance telephone calls can be received free and even local callers on pay phones get their money back. The inventor was selling his device at $1,500 apiece to bookmakers; it completely eliminates the company's record of the call. The police, evidently alerted by the telephone company, had found it by raiding three bookmakers' houses in Westchester County outside New York City. *The Times* moved the story up forward a few pages when the inventor of the device was arrested on March 30 in Miami.

One can see why newspapers

(*Continued on page 19*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A New Classic of Translation

THE ODYSSEY. Homer. Translated by Robert Fitzgerald. Doubleday and Co. 474 pp. $4.95.

William Arrowsmith

IT IS commonly rumored that we are having a renaissance in translation from Greek and Latin. And while the appearance of a visible classic of translation like Robert Fitzgerald's new *Odyssey* lends strength to the rumor, it also provokes some disturbing second thoughts.

Like the New Criticism, classical translation has become a heavy industry; month after month, year after year, the presses churn out the bright new versions — Sophocles, Homer, Plautus, Catullus, Vergil, etc. — in the attempt to cash in on uncritical consumers who throng the bloated college courses in Great Books, Humanities and World Literature. And the sheer volume and the dither of energy — coupled with the appearance now and then of a masterly translation — have obscured the fact that the bulk of this translation is a vapid, standardized product, confusing vigor with prosiness and replacing the fustian of the Victorian versions with a pert, vulgar modernity. Time was when publishers preferred out-of-copyright translations; now, so luring is the market and so booming its prospects, every softback publisher in the country wants his own Library of the Classics, *his Iliad, his* Plato, *his* Great Greek plays. (A former colleague tells me that in the last month *five* publishers have asked him to edit anthologies of Greek and Latin literature in translation, each contribution to be *newly* translated. The highest priority, of course, was speed; four out of five of the publishers wanted delivery of the final manuscript *within one year.* Among the proposed contents were: *Agamemnon, Oedipus Rex, Lysistrata, Ars Amatoria* and "the crucial books of the *Aeneid.*") Needless to say, I have no quarrel with the demand; it would be justified if it produced better translation, adequately turned and achieved; or shifted attention from the hackneyed canon to other, but neglected, texts, thereby helping to shape taste. Actually it does neither of these things, but stimulates shoddy versions of the traditional canon.

Worse, nobody seems to know or care. Scholars, having burnt their fingers on Pound's Propertius, rarely bother with translation; the literary reviews seldom touch it, and the mass media regularly quote the jacket blurbs without acknowledging them. Result: nobody knows whether a translation is good or bad, and least of all the World Literature hacks who teach the classics in translation. As a contributor to Chicago's "Complete Greek Tragedies," I was struck by the apparent success of the series and the overwhelming critical silence: great publicity but no genuine criticism. In the circumstances, almost any translation can be put over successfully: I have yet to hear, for instance, anyone say a critical word about that monument to crankery and poor poetry, Robert Graves's translation of the *Iliad;* Pound's *Women of Trachis* seems to be regarded as a masterpiece, at least by those who cannot read Sophocles. Here there is at least the excuse of the luster shed by a great name, though for that very reason the damage done is greater; elsewhere the Thersites of translation commit mayhem with impunity. And meanwhile fewer and fewer literary men read Greek, fewer scholars write English, more and more students crowd into World Literature, and the spate of translations becomes a flood: who can any longer tell the difference between the real thing and the mass-produced classic? *Hic labor est. . . .*

FITZGERALD'S new *Odyssey* comes pat to the point: it deserves to be singled out for what it is — a masterpiece. It has long been needed. For years now there has been nothing to march beside Lattimore's fine *Iliad;* readers of the *Odyssey* had to make do with Rieu (intolerably prosy) or Rouse (lively but excessively novelistic) or T. E. Lawrence (magnificent in stretches but crazily committed to the crotchet of Wardour Street Greek), all of them prose versions. Fitzgerald makes them all obsolete; there will not be another *Odyssey* as good as this in our generation, and probably not for several generations. Seven years of work went into its completion, and the result is exactly the achievement one might have expected of a translator whose *Oedipus at Colonus* is among the great translations of our age. At last we have an *Odyssey* worthy of the original.

How was it achieved? What Fitzgerald brings back is, first of all, that crucial and elusive quality of freshness and delight so conspicuously absent from other translations. The *Odyssey* is the world's first and greatest romantic poem, suffused as no other poem is by a pervasive quality of clarity, brightness and freshness. Everything in the poem — the landscape, the seascape and the human figures — is invested with something like divinity, a special numinous radiance. For anything like it, you have to go to Pindar, where athletic prowess and beauty of achievement suddenly usurp the divine. Because of this quality and the poetics which lie behind it, Pindar is the most untranslatable of classical poets; it is a measure of Fitzgerald's understanding of his author and his tact with language that he has succeeded with Homer. Wherever divinity breaks in, whenever human beauty or courage or a simple landscape in the reality of its *presence* seems transfigured,

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A Road

Dead ones, there is a road
without tree
without cornfield
a dry road
of small stones
a bare road.

I will walk to you
as a blind man crossing the continent
carrying only his wits.

Dead ones, there is your ocean
on a bare road.

it is time I stood there:
a blind man
facing the sad noise of the waves.

without tree
without cornfield.

L. LIPSITZ

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brighter than itself, caught in the divinity of its being, Fitzgerald is instantly responsive. Here is Telemakhos speaking to Menelaos:

> My lord, you rule wide country,
> rolling and rich with clover, galingale
> and all the grains: red wheat and
> hoary barley.
> At home we have no level runs or
> meadows,
> but highland, goat land — prettier
> than plains, though.
> Grasses, and pasture land, are hard
> to come by
> upon the islands tilted in the sea,
> and Ithaka is the island of them all.

Another translator, committed to charged language and headier diction, would have failed, for the secret is not merely diction and syntax, but precisely tact, the skill of unobtrusive placing and joinery, with hard, clean language, in effortless colloquial poetry. The original is not merely transcribed, but *translated*, brought over entire into a new but analogous English statement. Unlike Lattimore, who contrives much of his power from miraculously housebreaking the curve of English syntax and thought by deftly Hellenizing it, Fitzgerald totally recasts the Greek into English (e.g., *and Ithaka is the island of them all*), rethinking and reshaping the Greek by turning the thrust and power beneath the words rather than the words themselves. Anything less radical, I think, would have meant the failure of *The Odyssey* as an English poem, since the form and the language and the animism of the Greek are all foreign to English and English experience.

Which is to say that translation is essentially a remaking, and that the older and more alien the original the more radical the remaking must be. Lacking an English form or convention on which to lean, the translator must either improvise his way back into English form or somehow create the missing convention himself. No problem in Homer is more vexing or more revealing of the translator's purpose and skill than the fixed epithets, those recurrent tags which provided the poet with the known phrases on which his improvisation rested. Should the translator dutifully turn them all or suppress them altogether? How can their outmoded function be accommodated in a useful way in English epic? This, I think, is the question which Fitzgerald asked, and the very question suggests the answer. Whenever he can make some positive English advantage from an epithet, he renders it; those which cannot be brought into English without damage to the flow and sense are simply suppressed. Where a direct English translation of the epithet would seem forced or unnatural, Fitzgerald typically elides it or mutes it ("pensive Penelope") into the warp of the line; constantly recurring lines (rosy-fingered Dawn) are slightly varied each time, giving the effect of echo rather than formula. Elsewhere a single epithet will be thrust into prominence by expansion or nudged over into the following line, and false poeticism (e.g., "horse-pasturing," "wine-dark") is everywhere avoided in favor of colloquial directness. In all this the basic criterion is the domestication of the poem, its form, language and vision, into an equivalent English. Just as Fitzgerald bends his Greek poem so that it eventually suggests a possible English epic, so too the quality of his poetry and perception suggests (as only poetry and perception can) the quality of a world radiant with being.

ARE there no defects? Very few. One can, I think, now and then observe a lapse into straight prose ("'Now is the time,' he said, 'for a few questions.'") or boggle at a conspicuous epithet (e.g., "Odysseus the great tactician") or some unnecessary elaboration of detail. But these never break the texture or hinder the poem's pace. My one serious reservation lies with Fitzgerald's handling of his metrics. According to both my ear and the blurb, the basic meter of the translation is blank verse, but it is blank verse of an astonishing looseness, ranging from five syllables to sixteen and even seventeen. Nor can I discover any consistent reason for the looseness except the translator's convenience. Some of the short lines are clearly intended for emphasis or roughening, and frequently they introduce a change of speakers; but there are other instances where the looseness is both unmusical and unjustified, giving the poem a jerkiness which is quite un-Homeric. Moreover, there are striking differences in the handling of whole books, perhaps because they were translated at different times. Thus Books X and XI seem more carefully worked, far smoother and more elaborate in their handling than, say, Books XIX and XX, and the difference is marked enough to seem an unevenness in the whole. But I may be too severe, and given the achievement elsewhere, perhaps it hardly matters.

Here is the description of the final consummation, Odysseus and Penelope reunited in the great bed:

> Now from his breast into his eyes the
> ache
> of longing mounted, and he wept at
> last,
> his dear wife, clear and faithful, in his
> arms,
> longed for
> as the sunwarmed earth is longed for
> by a swimmer
> spent in rough water where his ship
> went down
> under Poseidon's blows, gale winds
> and tons of sea.
> Few men can keep alive through a
> big surf
> to crawl, clotted with brine, on kindly
> beaches
> in joy, in joy, knowing the abyss
> behind:
> and so she too rejoiced, her gaze
> upon her husband,
> her white arms round him pressed
> as though forever.

Comment is idle. It is enough to make a man cry with joy. It is as good English as the Greek is wonderful Greek. Translation can do no more.

The Empty Zone

TROPIC OF CANCER. By Henry Miller. Grove Press. 318 pp. $7.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS REVIEW is a bit late because I have been collecting clips of the response by newspaper book reviewers around the country. It has not been good. Few have minded the bad words, some have even reviewed the book without mentioning their existence. Most of them have had deeper moral reservations. They object to Miller's windy generalizations and empty profundities. A couple quote Nelson Algren's remark that the big trouble with Miller is that he thinks he thinks. Several point out that the sexual encounters bear unmistakable signs of fantasy rather than empiric knowledge. Almost everybody says that the continuous ranting accusation of collapse and bankruptcy leveled against Western civilization is totally misconceived; the West may be collapsing but Miller's accusations are not correct diagnosis, and the rant is stereotyped. The most fundamental objection occurs again and again — there are no people in the book. It is written without sym-

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pathy or insight. Miller doesn't like people, in fact he doesn't know they are out there. He is anti-human and anti-humane. What all this adds up to is the judgment that Miller is a barbarian within the gates, an uncultured and unculturable man, one of Toynbee's Internal Proletariat.

I AGREE. The newspapers are perfectly right. Back in the days when he was being discovered, Cyril Connolly did not compare him to John Locke or Walter Bagehot. T. S. Eliot did not liken him to Matthew Arnold or Henry Adams. This is the voice of the outcast who can never get in. He doesn't know where "in" is or what it is. His descriptions of the motives and mores of the Paris or New York around him are irrelevant fantasies, as unreal as the notions of a millionairess or a neo-beat intellectual on the prowl in Harlem. The indictment of a criminal is based on law, the codification of social relations. Miller's indictment of society is not based on social relations at all, but on his inability to have them. This is the moral Bowery speaking. In the years since the "Tropics," Miller has accumulated a vast mound of "speculative" writing under his by-line. It is, all of it, not just wrong-headed and wrong in facts and taste — it is excluded from the universe of discourse, the travel diary of a philosopher who always put up in the Mills Hotels.

Yet Miller is not Little Joe Gould or even Restif de la Bretonne. He is not a naif. True, he thinks he is, and he is always writing letters to critics telling them that the "Tropics" are not works of art but "just the way it happened." Rereading *Cancer* at this late date, one can see that it is not really a *recit*; it is unquestionably a constructed work. The comparison is with *The Satyricon* not with *Monsieur Nicholas*.

The Satyricon, even in the fragments we have, is a great comic novel. Restif's book is not comic at all. It is funny, often enough, but then it is pitiful, because we laugh at Restif himself. We never laugh at Miller. We share with him his vulgar delinquent Brooklyn Boy horse laugh and raspberry. True, the greatest comedy is the most humane form of letters. Miller is not Rabelais or even Swift. The characters in the "Tropics" rattle against one another like pebbles in a couple of maracas. But that is true of *The Satyricon*, too. At least Miller knows he is being funny.

Twenty-seven years have gone by since *Cancer* was first published. Since then its form has become the most fashionable in modern literature. We are being overwhelmed in a pandemic of invented *récits* — especially French ones. The Underground Man has become literary Top Dog. An admitted ex-male prostitute and stud buster has reached the windiest pinnacle of international *réclame*. The corridors of American publishers are crowded with Columbia Creative Writing Majors disguised as switchblade artists, dope fiends and violators of the Dyer Act.

There is only one trouble with all this stuff. It is soaked in unfathomable solemnity and pompous rhetoric. In all Genet or Kerouac there is nothing to compare with Miller's Hindu and the Bidet, or the Imaginary Rich (Girl). I'm sorry. I just don't believe Miller when he expands and augments Count Keyserling, or recommends a Dream Book, or worries at breakfast over the astrology column in the morning paper. He is having us all on — maybe himself included — but behind the deep thoughts from Bughouse Square, there is always, however faint, the steady rumble of low-down mockery.

I wish Miller's self-educated hobos were not more driven and harried than any college professor or machine tender. I wish that once in a while somebody would come alive as simply human. I wish somebody would love somebody else, somewhere in all Miller's millions of words, just once, just a little, or at least let on that they felt somebody else was there. They never do. That is the basis of the indictment and the basis of the comedy. Do they really in *Gulliver* or Rabelais? I think not. *Don Quixote* is different? Yes, *Don Quixote* is different. That is why it is the only one there is. If we don't ask the impossible of Miller he is pretty satisfactory. Certainly he is an awful lot better than the dreary practitioners of the fashion this book founded, and it is unfortunate that their success should make him seem a little dated after twenty-seven years.

The Art of Rackham

ARTHUR RACKHAM: His Life and Work. By Derek Hudson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 181 pp. $20.

Lincoln Kirstein

THE ILLUSTRATOR is something of an anomaly. Few achieve a prestige independent of their texts, yet many have merit as draftsmen, as decorators and even as textual commentators. From the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries excellent painters illustrated books for popular consumption, and in no de luxe vein. In our century, famous easel painters have supplied limited editions which are less illustrated volumes than portable one-man shows bearing expensive signatures. They do not supply the service of last century's illustrators, who in the best instances formulated the first and most persistent visions of fictions we live by. We still see Dante, Rabelais, *The Ancient Mariner, Don Quixote* and Poe's *Raven* through the stupendous inventions of Gustave Doré; we know Alice through Tenniel; many middle-aged or younger Americans will always know Stevenson, King Arthur, Robin Hood and the Arabian Nights from the revelations of N. C. Wyeth or Maxfield Parrish.

Illustrations are for most people their first and lasting art gallery. The care in execution, attention to legible detail, respect for text and imaginative realization give a majority of readers the criterion of what "art" should be *about* for the rest of their lives. In spite of abstract expressionism, the narrative picture is a popular dominant; what a picture is about is the first thing most people want to know; the fact that today most paintings are about how they are painted with paint does not remove contemporary illustration from the realm of the artistic. Quite the reverse: leafing through most of the children's books that take prizes at book fairs, one is struck by how sophisticatedly "artistic" pretty books have become. They are designed by knowing grown-ups who have digested the canon of Paul Klee, Raoul Dufy and Henri Matisse; they do not serve as illustrations, but as ornamentation, as page fillers for which text is only pretext.

Among the illustrators of the recent past, Arthur Rackham ranks high. His present position, particularly in his native England, has suffered the customary revulsion against an overwhelming popularity during a lifetime, although it is hard for an American to understand the virulence of recent attacks. Geoffrey Grigson in *The Spectator* excoriated the mind and accomplishment of Rackham in a manner so fierce that he seemed to be exorcising a hateful childhood of his own. The anonymous reviewer of *The Times Literary Supplement* was more temperate but more

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patronizing — the mature England of Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland and John Piper have progressed worlds beyond such infantilism. Revenge on Rackham has an uneasy tone, as if finally the English were proud to be purged of remnants of the literary overtones of Victorian painting. It is not a fair judgment nor a very convincing statement of the place of the best contemporary British painting—if that is to include such different yet powerful artists as Francis Bacon and Lucien Freud, in whom the precise and the fantastic are powerfully blended. Grigson makes far too much of the influence Aubrey Beardsley exerted on Rackham. Rackham started to publish in the nineties, but his best work was always in color and form, not in black and white; he parodied Beardsley, but he was not primarily a decorator. Nor did he take much except a feminine wan charm from the pre-Raphaelites. He was not an archaistic medievalist; his designs are kinetic, swirling and active, not static and "well-placed" on the page, like those of the followers of William Morris. Certainly Dürer was his master, as he was the master of Howard Pyle. But what saved Rackham from the pretty-pretty, for which he had the predelictions of his epoch, was an attentiveness to nature, his ability to render it and transform it, from animal and vegetable forms to the fantastic. His animal figures are not anthropomorphic. Grandville disguised familiar people as characteristic animal types, like Lebrun and the Renaissance physiognomists; but Rackham's animals are humanized beasts always maintaining their essential animal properties.

TREES, flowers, thorns, roots, fur, hair, silk, leather, woolens; clouds, water, wind and times of day, particularly dusk, Rackham rendered with a loving familiarity that domesticated to private usage some of the great texts of world literature. Certainly his designs for Mother Goose, the Brothers Grimm, Hans Andersen, Kenneth Grahame, de la Motte Fouque, Lewis Carroll (he is by no means inferior to Tenniel), Shakespeare of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* do not demean his sources. Grigson calls the fantastic drawings "nasty," by which one assumes he means unsuitable for children. But Rackham understood very well the dark and terrifying aspects of folklore and its civilized descent in those nineteenth-century poets who assimilated it. Part of children's delight in his pictures is their recognition of terror and the unknown, to which he certainly gave a local habitation and a name. Compared to Doré, he had little *terribilitá;* but where Doré, a great painter *manqué*, disappoints in his pretension to the Michelangelesque reduced by the dimensions of a big page, Rackham fills his book-size compositions with bursts of miniature energy carefully reduced from larger drawings to accommodate the maximum space. Doré was also betrayed by craftsmen who did not have the skill to realize his wash-drawings and pen-strokes in the woodcut technique of his time. Rackham took infinite pains with the four-color process, with considerable success.

DEREK HUDSON'S brief memoir is well produced with many fine illustrations in color. It gives a good idea of the development of a hack illustrator for the weeklies into the old-masterish reputation that gained expensive American commissions. The irritating and the beautiful are lumped together, fairly indiscriminately if justly; but a far more gracious memorial could have been achieved by a choice of the best plates. Here we get early efforts, documents, *jeux d'esprit*, family fun. There is a big appendix with bibliography and listings of collections, but no mention of the fine Shakespeare drawings in the Folger Library in Washington. On page 90, "Sumurun" is called a "dancer," adored by G. B. Shaw; was it not the spectacle arranged by Max Reinhardt? Americans interested in Rackham may see a good choice of originals in the Spencer Rare Book Room at the New York Public Library.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

EVER SINCE 1956, there has been an increasing proletarianization of the English theatre. Like most generalizations, this one is subject to qualification, but many of the English people I have spoken to confirm my impression—in pride or pain. The ordinary English play not so long ago was a drawing-room comedy; today, the place of action is likely to be closer to the kitchen. Most English plays of the past were centered in London where people spoke smart and light; now the plays are situated in Manchester, Nottingham, Liverpool, where the talk is fast and loose, and to many foreigners—and some Londoners—almost unintelligible.

Of course, the majority of plays in London (as in Paris) are the conven-

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tional stuff one has seen these many years in the commercial theatres of most Western metropolises. The plays we single out in literary journals usually typify the significant expression of the day (insofar as such expression can make its way onto the stage), but they are not the really popular plays. *Look Back in Anger* and *The Lady's Not for Burning* were hailed in the press, but *The Mousetrap* runs on forever.

England is still a class society. But there is a new stress and strain in the relationship of classes; the contradictions—both comic and grave—are being more sharply articulated and universally acknowledged.

When I speak of proletarianization of the theatre, I refer not only to the "new" environments which are being depicted but to a fresh point of view. The show I most enjoyed is a topical revue, *Beyond the Fringe*. It is a revue in the sense that *The Premise* is one, though the latter is better-natured and less specifically committed to subversion.

The four young men who compose the cast of *Beyond the Fringe* are unmistakably intellectual. One, I am informed, teaches history at a university, another is a practicing physician, still another an accomplished musician. In New York all four would undoubtedly strike our audiences as distinctly high-brow and upper class. The audiences that are flocking to the show here strike one as being as educated as the players. The most surprising thing about these graduate collegians, apart from the shrewd nastiness of their comment, is their expertness. They clown brilliantly and they convey every nuance of English speech from the adenoidal distinction of Macmillan to the pinched and impassive querulousness of the lowliest worker from one of England's "black towns."

What makes these young men relevant to our theme is that they are iconoclasts. Not only is the Prime Minister quite literally given the raspberry, but in a skit called "Aftermyth of the War," the fond embellishments of war-year memories are fiendishly mocked. The funniest bit of the evening is a Shakespeare parody — text as well as acting are ridiculed — but the most significant moments are those which display a coolly bitter attitude toward the expected extinction of the human race, the refined mumbo-jumbo of the clergy, the still tenacious social prejudices.

Award to Clurman

Harold Clurman received last week the first of the George Jean Nathan Awards for drama criticism (his prize, for 1959, was given simultaneously with the 1960 award to Professor C. L. Barber of Amherst). Mr. Clurman's citation mentions his latest book, *Lies Like Truth* (Macmillan), his consistently excellent criticism in *The Nation*, and his creative role as a stage director. Most of the essays in *Lies Like Truth* first appeared in these pages.

ANOTHER form of the tendency to proletarianization may be detected in the production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Old Vic, directed by the young Italian Franco Zeffirelli, whose career hitherto had been chiefly devoted to opera. His *Romeo and Juliet* might be described as an adaptation of *West Side Story*. The junior Capulets and Montagues are Renaissance roughs, well-born Teddy Boys carrying on gang warfare on the streets of Verona between studies and bedroom bouts. Some of the English I met thought the production represented the Method!

I am exaggerating, of course. On the whole, I was favorably impressed by the production: it had character. The intent of Zeffirelli's *Romeo* is to make the play familiar in terms of a certain contemporary naturalism. Romeo and his pals (Mercutio, et al.) are obstreperous neighborhood youngsters whose parents have money. This interpretation pleases the younger generation of playgoers here more than anything else at the Old Vic or at Stratford.

There is a certain simple-minded, even an artistic, crudity in this — understandable in view of the stuffiness of so much "traditional" Shakespeare. Perhaps I might not say this if I hadn't seen a production of *Romeo and Juliet* in Moscow in 1935 which was realistic and grandiose, robust and elegant, virile and profound, popular and magnificent, modern and Shakespearean. But that production had been prepared over a period of nine months.

Though the Zeffirelli *Romeo* is skillfully and interestingly done, the direction has not wholly assimilated its acting. The actors were being *used* to make good points. Romeo and Juliet are alternately made to break down in endless adolescent weeping, the fun among Romeo's buddies is like campus kidding. In genuinely good acting "points" are absorbed in the behavior of living people so that there seem to be no "points" at all — only human action. Judi Dench, the Juliet of the occasion, is particularly good, but for the most part the actors appear to be dragged along by the direction — to the detriment of both.

THE NEW generation of theatregoers and their critical representatives prefer the raw to the smooth, the stink of the streets to the mustiness of salons. So even a tawdry and untalented "musical" like *Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be* (directed three years ago by Joan Littlewood and still running) is admired because it brings Soho garbage and the barely intelligible idiom of ponces and prostitutes onto the stage. It is as far as one can get from Milne and Barrie.

In 1914, the London audience was shocked into its wits by Eliza Doolittle's use of the expletive "bloody." In *Billy Liar*, a family comedy of lower-middle-class life in one of the northerly provinces, the oath is used every two minutes to the audience's undisguised satisfaction. In this play about a youth whose incessant "fantasies" (lies) are supposed to express his desire for a headlong escape from the drab humdrum of his background, the vocabulary hardly extends far beyond the hilarious cuss word, and the action never develops. But the audience is delighted by the picture of what for the theatre had hitherto been an unlikely environment, and by an excellent cast. The new London theatre "find," Albert Finney, keeps the show moving. He is an actor of splendid promise; if he hams a bit in *Billy Liar*, it is what the play requires and deserves.

Progress in the Park, by Allen Owun, is a subtler piece of writing. Like *Billy Liar* more novelistic than dramatic in form, it focuses on Liverpool, a city riven by Catholic-Protestant antagonisms. Again there are racy performances, some tangy dialogue, an authenticity of atmosphere and an advocacy of social progressiveness along general "humanitarian" lines.

On the more polished level, *The Devils* by John Whiting, from a novel by Aldous Huxley (*The Devils of Loudun*), proved a disappointment. There are several fluently written passages but for the rest this seventeenth-century tale about a priest who excited the libido of nuns in a provincial French convent (and committed adultery with more than one lady of the local gentry) re-

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minded me of certain burlesque aspects of both *The Crucible* and *The Tenth Man*. The total effect of this play is that of a cheap anti-clericalism and of a muddy and banal mysticism. The production was poorly directed, badly acted, and ingeniously, impressively and improperly designed.

The designer of *The Devils* is Sean Kenny whose sets for *Oliver* (the great musical hit) were last season's sensation. He is unquestionably very gifted. (There is a bullish "run" on his services here now as there always is in New York for every director or designer who has just scored a smash.) But one fears that all of Kenny's sets may come to look alike and be overexpressive of one special aspect of a play — not always the right one. Kenny's artistic "signature" threatens to deteriorate into formula.

SARTRE'S *Altona* (originally the *Prisoners of Altona*) was sufficiently absorbing in subject matter to make me "overlook" its production. I do not mean this as disparagement. It is just that I concentrated so hard on the play's dense dialogue that, though I was troubled by the setting (again the "extraordinary" work of Sean Kenny), little else — apart from the dialogue — seemed to concern me. One is absorbed by this play which — against a German background — is about the social guilt of our times.

Sartre engages us here in an intellectual, moral and social combat so strenuous that it takes on emotional dimensions. One is not altogether convinced at the end that the struggle was as vital as it appeared to be, but the fact that one consented to engage in it and felt almost no temptation to withdraw from it — even in moments of near boredom or exasperation — is a sign of a certain mastery.

Altona strikes one as somehow more German than French. In any case, I feel certain that it must be more convincingly produced in Germany (or Sweden) than in France, though it is reported that Serge Raggiani was thrilling in the central role of the original Paris production. The London production (directed by an American, John Berry) shows a devotion to the dramatist's cause which commands respect.

THE slickest "performance" to be seen in London at this moment — I refer to the text as much as to the production — is Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* in a first-class translation by Pamila Hansford-Johnson and Kitty Black. This play about the corruption of the French aristocracy and its dirty drive toward the debasement of innocence is extremely deft, theatrically superb, cleverly up to date and at bottom as old-fashioned as Dumas *fils* and rather empty.

It is very well acted, though Alan Badel as the wicked count bent on seduction and destruction struck me as soft rather than savage, and Maggie Smith seemed more like a bluntly sensible Cockney girl than a humble example of feminine French sensibility. Still, these two are among the best of the younger London actors.

The Rehearsal is a perfect show for the theatregoer of "middling sensuality." In the more ambitious category London eagerly awaits John Osborne's next play, *Luther*, with Albert Finney (after its world première at the Théâtre des Nations in Paris), and John Gielgud in Zeffirelli's production of *Othello* at Stratford-on-Avon.

(*Continued from page 13*)

would be as agreeable toward A. T. & T. as mothers toward the milkman. Whether any added leverage is ever applied, I do not know. However, businessmen have told me of legitimate, solvent concerns put out of business by A. T. & T., simply by cutting off telephone service.

The Westchester episode did not mean that A. T. & T. is against bookmakers. It happily and knowingly countenances installations by bookmakers and bucket-shop operators. (Who else has fifteen phones in one room?) Its only objection in Westchester was that the telephone surcharges were not running up; this it is opposed to. So long as you pay for talking, A. T. & T. is the greatest advocate of talk since Socrates. It does not pay its dividends by distinguishing between criminal and non-criminal talk. Or obscene talk.

It is not a trivial matter that a lady with a listed telephone is open to any stranger's obscene call. A. T. & T. simply advises such people to call police on another phone. (Still more talk.) But A. T. & T. could easily produce a device by which a woman in that situation could silently alert the operator or the police. But A. T. & T., with its charter, which is perpetual, points out that it is not in the business of public morality or public policy, any more than—or a good deal less than—you

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are. An obscene phone call also pays A. T. & T. ten cents.

Wire tapping, the newest threat to privacy and liberty, cannot at present be detected by public or private police except by examining every inch of telephone wire, and some taps are made by an unnoticeable use of paint. The telephone company, however, could detect or prevent it. The March, 1961, *Coronet* says: "Much wire tapping is made possible through the failure of the telephone companies to set up adequate controls and their laxness in combating wire tapping they know about. . . . It is difficult to believe that with the vast experience phone company engineers have developed . . . they could not discover ways to make wire tapping difficult, if not impossible." Most A. T. & T. publicity is about its electronic research miracles; what is asked here is a small and easy miracle, but one only useful to society, not to A. T. & T. stockholders in particular.

THE MIRACLES A. T. & T. likes include a recent one by which one can turn one's stove on or off by a specially coded phone call. (But appliance manufacturers haven't cooperated.) This delightful invention, which could lead to completely undetectable arsons, is entirely against public policy. A. T. & T.'s attitude is that if the public misuses A. T. & T.'s benefactions, that is the public's problem, not A. T. & T's. This suggests a free-wheeling irresponsibility that is breathtaking and begins to be slightly hair-raising. (But it's another ten-cent call.)

Businessmen have also complained to me that subscribers' deposits totaling at least $100,000,000 (surely a rock-bottom estimate) do not draw interest at any rate fixed by law. The income is free money, as happy as any panhandler's. Business telephone charges are also twice those of residential phones. Why? Isn't this anti-capitalistic? It suggests, at least, that A. T. & T., while encouraging futile talk, penalizes useful talk.

The citizen has had one single defense against the abuses of the telephone. That was simply to forgive the telephone company the necessity to list his or her phone in the telephone book. It was at first startling when the telephone company showed signs of rage at this apparently innocent form of self-defense. Finally, with the approval of the Public Service Commission, it levied a charge of fifty cents a month, $6 a year, on anyone so anti-social as *not* to require listing.

This charge for declining a service (as if the customer were a child refusing its spinach) would appear invasive, dictatorial and illegal. But the situation was that millions of salesmen, dance instructors, charity drum-beaters, bucket-shop operators, slanderers, perverts and obscenity addicts were not getting their calls through, and were also bothering the information operators (4,100 in New York City alone). A. T. & T.'s frustration at not completing these calls was driving it frantic. In New York City, unlisted numbers totaled 320,000 in 1958, 400,000 in 1960. After the New York Telephone Company struck back with its $6 penalty, it announced that 25,000 recluse subscribers had agreed to come into the telephone books. I would believe this only on a certified audit. The New York company announced its residence phones in 1960 as 3,500,000. But anybody who can add and multiply can see that all listed phones in the 1961 New York directories come to under 3,000,000, including business phones. My guess at unlisted New York City telephones would be over 500,000 and heading for 1,000,000 in a few years. Some people may evade both tax and limelight by listing under an alias.

A. T. & T. is a symbol of both the virtues and vices of industrialization which demands nearly perfect coordination and communication of all the elements of a society. Monsters like A. T. & T. fatten on the genius of men long dead, or often unrewarded, and fall into the hands of arrogant clerks, who try to enlarge their power in the total enormous equation. The question, whether in Bolshevik Russia or here, is: who calls which signals? I am afraid that A. T. & T. is calling some signals nobody asked it to call, and ignoring others it should be calling. In that case, under our system, somebody taps it quietly on the shoulder.

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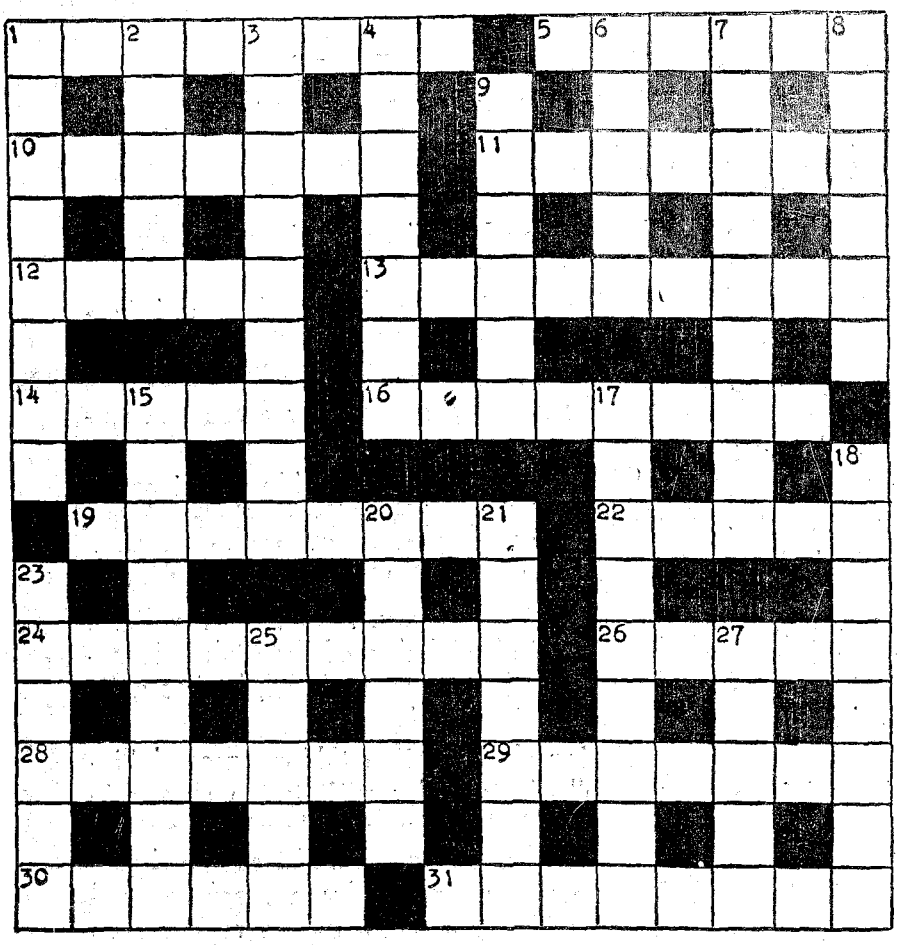
Crossword Puzzle No. 922

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 File? Refuge for it, perhaps. (4, 4)
5 Coming into aphoristic circumstances? (6)
10 Evidently I thus drink hard and often. (One might have the same table place as another, but be heavier.) (7)
11 As strategic at chess as at football? (3, 4)
13 Are steamers with streamers, perhaps? (6, 3)
14 Poems associated with racing? (5)
16 This boy went to war in the air. (8)
22 Slab or pillar (made out of iron and carbon)? (5)
24 A leader can, if the order is given.
26 Jute might have been associated with this special approach. (5)
28 Antipathy? Feeling well may not cause it, but feeling this. . . .! (3, 4)
29 Lifted by the skeptical. (7)
30 Asserts as fact something indemonstrable. (6)
31 A center of a system based on a peculiar coin found in Paraguay. (8)

DOWN:

1 Various factors of statistics might be hung around, by the sound of it.
2 This girl might be 3, but less trim, in a way. (5)
3 Just the sort of mineral to find the answer in a ring, perhaps. (9)
4 Its battle-cry was shouted in the air.
6 Such a movement should attract attention. (5)
7 Tragedy was her bailiwick. (9)
8 This animal is shy a sort of pedal digit. (6)
9 A warning, perhaps, to behave like a prisoner? (6)
15 Stalin's as bad a ruler of the Poles as he was. (9)
17 Proving a set tea can consist of an order of shellfish. (9)
20 A disguise is, by the sound of it, of some use. (6)
21 It takes pull to look up what we probably are. (7)
23 Good providers don't. (6)
25, 12, 18, and 19 Implying Eliza Doolittle would never marry a coward! (5, 5, 5, 3, 4, 4)
27 Aleksei Peshkov. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 921

ACROSS: 1 Wanton; 5 and 2 Dictionaries; 10 Skintight; 11 In tow; 12 Inspect; 13 Scourge; 14 Earns; 16 Acetelyne; 18 Apprehend; 20 Cotes; 22 Bearing; 24 Aviator; 26 Twice; 27 Reinstall; 28 Sighted; 29 Gander. DOWN: 3 Tatters; 4 Negotiate; 5 Dates; 6 Chickory; 7 Intersect; 8 Nowhere; 9 Aspire; 15 Repeating; 17 Endearing; 18 Arbutus; 19 Evident; 20 Caisson; 21 Stroll; 23 Gored; 25 Trade.

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How could fifteen hundred men defy a modern Army of thirty-five thousand? How could a few men with rifles face fourteen battalions and a modern air force and survive?

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During the abortive CIA-sponsored "invasion" of Cuba by anti-Castro groups in April, 1961, Taber was again with the rebel Army, and again in the midst of the shooting (he was wounded by a machine gun) and again the only American reporter to be on the scene.

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